Things that loue night, loue not ſuch nights as theſe,
The wrathfull Skies gallow the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, ſuch ſheets of fire,
Such burſts of horred thunder, ſuch grones of
Roaring winde, and rayne, I ne're remember
To haue heard; mans nature cannot cary
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadful
Powther ore our heades, find out their enemies now;
Tremble thou wretch that haſt within thee
Vndivulged crimes, vnwhipt of Iuſtice;
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou ſimular-man of vertue that art inceſtious;
Caytife in peeces ſhake, that vnder couert
And conuenient ſeeming, haſt practiſed on mans life;
Cloſe-pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry theſe dreadfull ſummoners grace.
I am a man more ſind againſt their ſinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, ſome friendſhip will it lend you gainſt the tempeſt, repoſe you there, whilſt I to this hard houſe, more hard then is the ſtone whereof tis rais'd, (which euen but now demaunding after me denide me to come in) returne and force their ſcanted curteſie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how doſt my boy, art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe, where is this ſtraw my fellow,
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange that can
Make vild things precious; come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue I haue one part of my heart
That ſorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. Hee that has a little tine witte, with hey ho the wind and the raine, muſt make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell.

Enter Gloſter and the Baſtard with lights.

Gloſt. Alacke alacke *Edmund* I like not this

Vnnatural

Vnnaturall dealing; when I deſir'd
That I might pitty him, they took
The vſe of mine owne houſe, cha
Of their diſpleaſure, neither to ſp
Intreat for him, nor any way ſuſta

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnatur

Gloſt. Go to, ſay you nothing, t
And a worſe matter then that, I ha
A letter this night (tis dangerous
I haue lockt the letter in my cloſe
The King now beares will be reu
Ther's part of a power already lan
We muſt incline to the King, I wi
Priuily releeue him; goe you and
With the Duke that my charity
Perceiued, if hee aske for me, I a
To bed; though I die for't, as no l
The King my old maſter muſt be
Some ſtrãge thing toward, *Edmun*

Baſt. This curteſie forbid-thee
And of that letter to: this ſeems a fa
And muſt draw me that which my
Then all; then yonger riſes when

Enter Lear, Ke

Kent. Here is the place my Lo
the tyrannie of the open night's to

Lear. Let me alone. *Kent.*

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake min

Lear. Thou think'ſt tis much t
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to the
But where the greater malady is fi
The leſſer is ſcarce felt; thoud'ſt ſh
But if thy flight lay toward the ra
Thoud'ſt meet the beare i'h mout
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt
Doth from my ſences take all feel
Saue what beares their filiall ingr

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.1